

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

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### A LEGEND OF SKAGHVICKINCROW.

In a book entitled "The Anniversary," published in London in 1829, I find the following story. Its similarity to the above, published in our last Journal, is my reason for reproducing it.

#### "WHO BUILT TORTHORALD CASTLE?"

Tradition says in this glen there lived on a time a man who made shoes, and, in allusion at once to his trade and his disposition, his neighbours called him Skrinky Hardscraes. Now, this man was skilful and diligent, and who on all the banks of the Nith could measure a foot, and put it handsomely into black leather, compared with him! He was a merry man, too: he whistled as he made his shoes, and sang as he took them home, and no one in the valley was so happy till he dreamed a dream. He dreamed thrice in one night that he found a coffer of gold at the end of London Bridge, and as he rose from his sleep he was heard to exclaim: "O! what O! gold! and pure gold, too!" He thought of his dream, and was sure it would come to pass; so he took his staff in his hand, and a bag to carry the gold, and went on his way.

Now, the story of his dream ran through the valley, and when his neighbours saw him depart, they one and all followed him to the gorge of the glen, crying: "Skrinky Hardscraes, you're mad; 'O! what O! gold! and pure gold, too!'" But he heard them as if he heard them not, and travelled till he came to London, and the rising sun shone bright on wall and tower and stream, and brighter still on the bridge. He went to the bridge, but no coffer of gold was there; so he sat down on a stone, clasped his hands, set his knees together, and placed his heels apart like a good shoemaker, and was very sorrowful. Thousands and tens of thousands of people passed him; he sighed to see them go gaily by, and he thought on his house in the glen, with its garden filled with flowers and gooseberry bushes, and on the scoffs and laughter of his neighbours, and he almost shed tears.

Now there came to the end of the bridge an old man with a box of spice and a bag of oranges, and he sat down, and, opening the little box, from which the smell of cinnamon arose, spread out his oranges, and cried out :—"Buy, buy! who will buy?" And Skrinky bought an orange, for sorrow makes the heart dry, and he sucked it, and sighed; and the old man said: "Friend, thou art sad." And Skrinky said: "I am sad because I have been foolish"; and the old man said: "If all the foolish were sad, there would be few dry cheeks in London." And Skrinky smiled as well as his sorrow would let him, and made answer: "Of my folly you shall judge," and so he told his dream. "In truth," said the old man, "folly flourishes in the North as well as in the South. There are some very foolish creatures in the world, though I am not one of them. Of my wisdom be thou the judge. I dreamed a dream, and I dreamed it thrice, that in a wild place called Torthorald there dwells a man called Skrinky Hardscraes; there is as much red gold in a coffer under his middle bee-hive as would buy a baron's land and build a stately tower, but I am not the fool to run and seek it." Skrinky said nought, but bought another orange, and returned home.

Now word flew far and wide that the dreamer was coming, and out gushed the whole population of the glen to meet him. "Where's the gold, Skrinky, ye got at London Bridge?" cried one; "Wilt thou dream me a golden dream?" cried a second; "Stick to your in-seam awls, out-seam awls, pegging awls, and closing awls," shouted a third; while, worse than all, a man who was infected with the incurable malady of rhyme chanted aloud :—

"O, silly Skrinky Hardscraes :  
 When red grapes grow on Tinwald braes,  
 When eagles build 'mong Amisfield broom,  
 When ships of might down Lochar swoon,  
 When Scotland is to England knit  
 By might of sword or slight of wit,  
 When in Lochmaben Castle stank  
 The blind-bats build and foxes bank,  
 And Nith's cold water carries cream,  
 Thou'lt find red gold to rid thy dream."

Skrinky smiled to one, and shook his empty bag good-humouredly at another, and went home, and re-commenced his whistling and his making of shoes. It happened soon afterwards that his neighbours saw

him measuring out the foundations and giving directions for building a grand castle, and they rubbed their eyes and said: "Skrinky's wiser than we believed him." But when they beheld the walls rising, and saw towers climbing into the air, and the dreamer presiding over all, they rubbed their eyes again, and Skrinky said unto them: "Neighbours, have ye dreamed a dream?" and they said: "Whose tower is that?" and he made answer: "It belongeth to one who was once a maker of shoes, and Skrinky Hardscraes is his name." And so Torthorald Castle was built.

GEORGE FOGERTY.

## THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

HELD AT LIMERICK IN 1821.

It was in 1815 that Cork's earliest Exhibition of Paintings took place; so that if Limerick's first attempt of this sort did not occur prior to 1821, she did not lag very much behind the wealthier and more populous sister City on the Lee, where greater facilities and opportunities naturally presented themselves for holding exhibitions of this nature.

Of the Limerick Art Exhibition of 1821, a now doubly interesting and doubtlessly exceedingly rare souvenir still exists in a copy of its Catalogue, kindly lent the present writer by its owner—that diligent collector and chronicler of locally-printed books, Mr. E. R. McClintock Dix, of Dublin,—which bears the imprint:—"*Catalogue of Paintings, exhibiting several fine Works by the Old Masters; and a Collection of Pictures by the Artists and Amateurs of Limerick; 16 pages, 8vo.; Limerick: Printed by George M'Auliffe, 42 Mary-street, 1821.*"

The Catalogue begins with an address occupying nearly two pages, in which, after alluding to the advantages of exhibitions of this class, and the patronage extended to Art by such places at home and abroad, as Florence, Venice, Holland, London, and Liverpool, its writer goes on to say:—"Should the public of Limerick seek their own interest in the patronage of the Fine Arts, a proposal will be submitted to them, unattended with expense, for the fostering of native talent, which has hitherto been obliged to wander abroad in the pursuit of the first rudiments of knowledge; for it must be remembered that students are not admitted to the Royal Academy until a great degree of proficiency is evinced; and it must be obvious that the want of an Institution to prepare them for that School is the greatest possible injury to the

growth of genius in this city. Even those bright luminaries who have reflected so much honour on the place of their nativity by the splendour of their talents, passed a great portion of their lives in a desultory manner of study, which retarded their eminence to a late period of life. For the truth of this observation we have only to remember the names of Palmer and Collopy, who have left works behind them of great merit in their respective styles. Russell, in portrait, and Mulready, in the historic line, are living Artists of much celebrity who have contributed to the honours of their native city by the power of their pencil. These are strong evidences that Limerick may yet boast her Rubens or Reynolds; and the present exhibition is held forth as a touchstone for public feeling, which, as it is evinced in this instance, may repress her rising interests, or raise her to an elevated rank among the Cities of the Empire."

Though the hopes indulged in by this writer of eighty years back as to Limerick's later artistic fame have not been fulfilled, the names he quotes, Palmer, Collopy, Russell, and Mulready, should at least be handed down with honour to posterity; and it is to be hoped that some Limerick citizen of to-day will furnish this Journal with biographical notices of them and the other local artists mentioned in the course of this note, such as has been done in the pages of the *Cork Archaeological Journal of 1900*, under the heading, "Gleanings in Old Cork Artists."

From the Catalogue just named, it appears that this early Limerick Exhibition of Paintings included 122 items in all, the first 57 of which were for sale. These 57 and 7 besides were the work of professional artists, from Vandyke downwards; No. 65 to 86 were pictures by amateurs whose initials only are given, whilst the remaining items, from 87 to 122, consisted of pictures lent by patrons of the Exhibition.

Out of the 64 items first named, no less than 25 were the work of W. Turner, who must have been a resident of Limerick. These Turner pictures included "The King's Entrance into Dublin," "The Chairing of Mr. Rice, taken from nearly opposite the shop of Jonas Morris, when the procession halted at the Commercial Buildings and Mr. Rice addressed the People"; three Views on the Lower Shannon, and various religious subjects and foreign scenes. Next in number came J. St. John Long, one of whose pictures was a View of Carrig-o-gunnel,

and another a portrait of Mr. George Bradshaw, Mount Sion. The remaining pictures by professionals consisted of one by Vandyke, two by Angelica Kauffman, one by Sir J. Reynolds, two by Sir Peter Lely, three by P. Kidd, three by T. Anthony, two by Hy. Rigaud, two by Angelo di Campidoglio, three by G. N. Smith, and one each by T. Hudson, F. Hals, J. S. Alpiney, Luigi Meyers, Plowman, T. Roberts, J. Jordaens, G. Romney, and one of the School of Richardson.

It is to be regretted that the initials only are given of the 22 pictures by amateurs shown at this Exhibition; of these a Mr. B. exhibited two pictures, and Miss B. two, Mr. O'D. eleven, Miss O'B. two, Miss W. one, Mr. W. two, and Mr. P. two. Of the pictures contributed by patrons, Mr. Blood exhibited one each by M. P. Sandby, R. Wilson, and Salvator Rosa; Dr. Carroll one each by Vertangen, P. Panini, and J. Barry; Mr. Mark, one each by Titian, Rembrandt, Quidal, Snyder, and Van der Mullen; Mr. O'Donoghue, one by Richardson; Mr. Lovell, one by Titian; Mr. White, two by Both (*sic*); Mr. A. Swinburn, one by Brocas, two by Sandring, four by Lewis, and two by Calvert; Mr. B. O'Brien, one by Quidal; Mr. W. H. Nash, two by Brocas; Mr. T. M. O'Brien, one by Velasquez; Rev. Mr. Pinkerton, one by Cipriana, and three by Sadleir; and Mr. Mahoney four by Parkes.

From the similarity of their initials, it is not improbable that included amongst those who lent the last-named 36 items were the amateur painters of Limerick of that time, whose names have been so curiously withheld. Many, no doubt, of the pictures then exhibited are still to be found in or near Limerick. The G. N. Smith above named was doubtless the author of "Killarney and the Surrounding Scenery," Dublin, 1822. Of Turner and Long some recollection must surely still linger in Limerick.

JAMES COLEMAN, M.R.S.A.I.

### GOOIG BOG SLIP.

On the night of the 15th of November last, or early in the morning of the 16th, what might have proved a very serious bog slip took place at a point where the County Limerick touches on the County Tipperary, to the north-east of Castleconnell, in the townland of Gooig on the Limerick side, and the townland of Annaholty on the Tipperary side. At this point the road from Limerick to Nenagh—the old mail

coach road to Dublin—runs in a north-easterly direction, and previous to the movement of the bog the land to the north-east of the road stood at a level of about 8 feet below the road surface, being cut-away bog, part of which had been reclaimed and was in grass; the land to the north-west of the road stood, and still stands, at a level of about 12 feet below the road surface, and slopes gradually in a north-westerly and northerly direction towards the railway line from Limerick to Nenagh. Following the very continuous wet weather of the previous months, on the date above referred to, some hundreds of acres of the bog, known as Annaholy bog, moved towards the road, and, piling itself up against it, threatened to carry it away. Had the road failed, which at one time it was feared it would, the bog would have an easy fall until it reached the railway, less than half-a-mile off, and, in addition to burying this would have choked a small river and flooded a large portion of the surrounding country. Fortunately, the road held, although badly cracked in places, and the water from the bog was gradually drawn off by sinking a drain across the road, shallow at first, but carefully deepened as the water fell and the bog settled down. At more than one point the bog had actually risen so high as to overtop and fall on to the road, and even at present stands some six feet above the road level.

J. FITZGERALD WINDLE.

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### TREASURE TROVE.

The following paragraph, which appeared in the Limerick papers, 7th March, 1901, interested local antiquaries at the time:—

LIMERICK FARMER'S FIND.—The chief topic of conversation in the district around Ballingarry is concerned with the alleged discovery of a quantity of gold and some jewellery at the north-western base of Knockfierna Mountain. A struggling farmer named Kett, who had hitherto found it difficult to make ends meet, was employed by Mrs. Ruddle in digging up an old haggard in close proximity to the burial ground at Kilmacow, for the purpose of top-dressing that lady's fields, and in doing so the lucky toiler, it is stated, was rewarded by unearthing a massive gold ring, elaborately cut, seemingly of ancient design and of great value. Kett is also said to have discovered two large pieces of gold, each weighing about 10 lbs. It is further asserted that the fortunate finder of the bullion conveyed the treasure trove to a local gentleman, quite recently returned from Klondyke, to ascertain its worth, and that the result was most favourable.

Inquiries were made by the R.I.C., and it turned out that the only find was a gentleman's gold ring of a modern pattern. This was

brought to a Mr. Wilkinson, recently returned from Klondyke, who explained what it was. It is now in the possession of the R.I.C. at Adare.

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#### PRESENTATION.

On Saturday afternoon, April 6th, a pleasant ceremony in connection with the Limerick Field Club took place in the Club Rooms. This was a gathering of the Committee for the purpose of bidding good-bye to Mr. F. Neale, who has for so long occupied the position of Secretary to the Club. Mr. Neale was leaving for Belfast, where he was commencing business as an accountant and auditor. A circular had been issued by the Committee to the members notifying Mr. Neale's resignation, and the desire that his services should be recognised by a parting memento. The response was most generous, and showed how highly Mr. Neale was esteemed, not only in his secretarial, but in his private capacity. Its result was seen in the presentation of a handsome carved clock and a purse of twenty sovereigns, in the presence of the Committee of the Club. Dr. W. Fogerty, President of the Club, expressed the regret of the members in losing Mr. Neale, and testified to the appreciation in which he was held by those who had in any way come in contact with him. Mr. Neale acknowledged the presentation and kindly observations in a short speech, and the proceedings, which were brief but hearty, ended.

